Now if his cauſe be bad, I think it will be a greeuous matter (to him:

King. Why ſo you may ſay, if a man ſend his ſeruant
As Factor into another Countrey,
And he by any meanes miſcarry,
You may ſay the buſineſſe of the maiſter,
Was the author of his ſeruants misfortune.
Or if a ſonne be imployd by his father,
And he fall into any leaud action, you may ſay the father
Was the author of his ſonnes damnation.
But the maſter is not to anſwere for his ſeruants,
The father for his ſonne, nor the king for his ſubiects:
For they purpoſe not their deaths, whē they craue their ſer- (uices:
Some there are that haue the gift of premeditated
Murder on them:
Others the broken ſeale of Forgery, in beguiling maydens.
Now if theſe outſtrip the lawe,
Yet they cannot eſcape Gods puniſhment.
War is Gods Beadel. War is Gods vengeance:
Euery mans ſeruice is the kings:
But euery mans ſoule is his owne.
Therfore I would haue euery ſouldier examine himſelfe,
And waſh euery moath out of his conſcience:
That in ſo doing, he may be the readier for death:
Or not dying, why the time was well ſpent,
Wherein ſuch preparation was made.

3. *Lord.* Yfaith he ſaies true:
Euery mans fault on his owne head,
I would not haue the king anſwere for me.
Yet I intend to fight luſtily for him.

King. Well, I heard the king, he wold not be ranſomde.

2. *L.* I he ſaid ſo, to make vs fight:
But when our throates be cut, he may be ranſomde,
And we neuer the wiſer.

King. If I liue to ſee that, Ile neuer truſt his word againe.

2. *Lord,*

2. *Sol.* Mas youle pay him then, tis a great diſpleaſure
That an elder gun, can do againſt a cannon,
Or a ſubiect againſt a monarke.
Youle nere take his word again, your a naſſe goe.

King. Your reproofe is ſomewhat too bitter:
Were it not at this time I could be angry.

2. *Sol.* Why let it be a quarrell if thou wile.

King. How ſhall I know thee?

2. *Sol.* Here is my gloue, which if euer I ſee in thy hat,
Ile challenge thee, and ſtrike thee.

Kin. Here is likewiſe another of mine,
And aſſure thee ile weare it.

2. *Sol.* Thou dar'ſt as well be hangd.

3. *Sol.* Be friends you fooles,
We haue French quarrels anow in hand:
We haue no need of Engliſh broyles.

Kin. Tis no treaſon to cut French crownes,
For to morrow the king himſelfe wil be a clipper.

Exit the ſouldiers.

Enter the King, Gloſter, Epingam, and Attendants.

K. O God of battels ſteele my ſouldiers harts,
Take from them now the ſence of rekoning,
That the appoſed multitudes which ſtand before them,
May not appall their courage.
O not to day, not to day ô God,
Thinke on the fault my father made,
In compaſſing the crowne.
I *Richards* bodie haue interred new,
And on it hath beſtowd more contrite teares,
Then from it iſſued forced drops of blood:
A hundred men haue I in yearly pay,